



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

SOMETHING MORE ACCOMPLISHED

IN the November issue we attacked the water-tank-upon-the-houses nuisance and showed what a Stygian ugliness it distributes all over New York City, spoiling the view in almost any direction one may turn one's eyes, and proving to what extent citizens have become spiritually blunted. We do not mean that they do not prefer beauty to ugliness, though sometimes we are exasperated enough to think so, but we do mean that they have become so dulled that they are indifferent to ugliness to an extent that to a Parisian, at least, is shocking. They are even blind to the fact that all real property would rise in value, at least to the extent of more than counterbalancing the expense, if these tanks were encased in some kind of beautiful architectural case, serving to give a tower-like finish to the building. There are enough examples of this in the city to prove our contention.

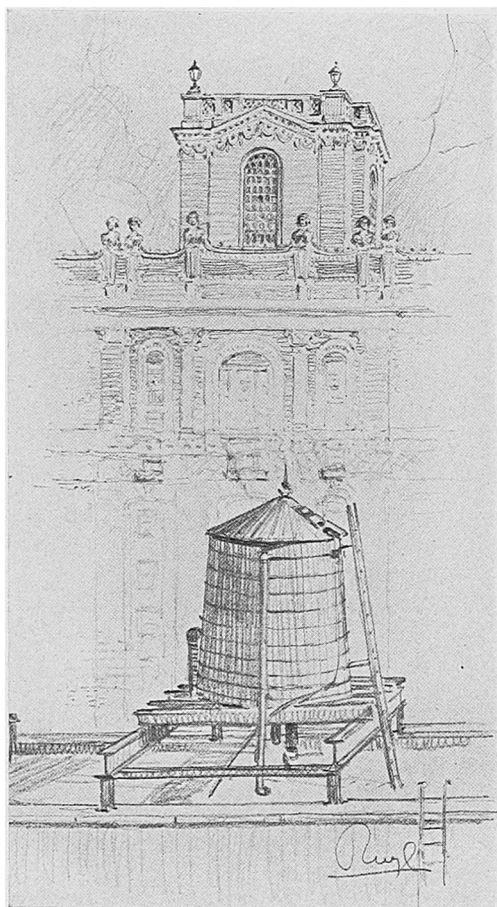
There is the Charles Building on Madison Avenue and 43rd Street, the Heckscher Building on Madison Avenue and 42nd Street, and there are a number of others. Which building will be the next to be thus intelligently treated?

Now comes the Women's Municipal League, 110 West 40th Street, New York, with Mrs. Frederick C. Hodgdon as Chairman of the Civic Art Committee to attack the same nuisance. In its leaflet No. 1 which is here reproduced we present this excellent effort.

This is a remarkably effective object lesson. It shows at what small expense an ugly horror may be transformed into an object of beauty, beside protecting the tank and improving the roof. The active women of this League are to be congratulated and hope expressed that they will succeed in bringing home to all women of the city and of the land this truth: that it is woman's chief business to watch over the beautifying of the home, both the individual home and the general home, which is the city. That this is the best kind of "politics" they can engage in, a kind which will have the most far-reaching influence in increasing the power of women in the direction in which they can best exert their power, namely: the amelioration of the conditions of life for all, but above all for women as a class.

We most heartily commend to our citizens the efforts of the League and promise them our support in every æsthetic movement they may inaugurate.

Beauty and the Beast



A roof water-tank concealed by an ornamental tower, and one on an adjoining building unconcealed—a blot on the landscape. Why do we tolerate them?

"A chief duty of the good citizen is to be angry when anger is called for, and to express his anger by deeds."

James Bryce

THE MADONNA AND THE FAUN

BY MARGRETTA SCOTT

ONCE upon a time there was a small village which clung to a great forest like a child holding to its mother's skirt. And in that village, as near to the forest as she could get without being in it, lived a young widow who was known far and wide as the Madonna.

The villagers said that she looked just like the

picture of the Mother of God that hung in the church, even to the soft blue dress she wore and the baby she carried in her arms.

In the late afternoon the young widow who was called the Madonna would sit outside her cottage door with her baby on her lap. Sometimes she would sing to him and sometimes she would kiss

him, and sometimes she would put her cheek against his little round head and smile away into the distance.

And when she did that the faun liked her best. The faun lived right next to her in the woods, and without her knowing it he often watched her. Things had come to such a state with him, that was all he enjoyed doing.

One day he came from behind a tree and spoke to her. His voice startled the Madonna. She had thought that she and the baby were alone—she didn't even know that she had a neighbor. And when she looked at him she was all the more startled. He was beautiful but alarming. His body was covered from the shoulders to the knees with the spotted skin of some animal of the woods. His eyes were brown, with little red glints in them, and slanted upwards at the corners. His mouth was red and full, and as his lips were always parted, one could see his small white teeth.

After the Madonna had got used to his looks she smiled at him, but he, instead of smiling back, laughed. And his laughter sounded like the water trying to catch and hold the sun.

The baby held out his arms to him and laughed, too. The faun took him and threw him into the air and caught him, while the Madonna watched them, half fearful and half pleased. Then the faun shouted aloud and ran in and out through the trees, the shadow of the leaves flecking his bare arms and legs and the baby's white dress.

And the baby was so happy and forgot her so completely that the Madonna grew jealous and took him back again. The faun gave her a quick look out of his slanting eyes and without a word vanished into the forest.

Each day he came, and each day he played with the baby. And once she asked him "Why do you come? Is it to see him?" and she pointed to the child.

The faun answered "I come because you are beautiful."

And the Madonna was silent. The faun walked over to a rose bush that grew near the cottage and, picking a white bloom, handed it to her.

"You are like this to me."

Before she could take the flower the baby clutched it with eager hands, and tore it into small white bits that floated to the ground. The faun laughed and plucked another bloom, and held it far above the baby's head and, when the mother took it, her hand touched his hand, and she saw the blood mount to his face, and suddenly she shivered.

Then the Madonna said "You come because I am beautiful. Is that the only reason?" and her voice was wistful.

And the faun answered "No, it is not the only reason. All the women in the woods are beautiful, but they have not the clear, cool look in your eyes, nor your quiet smile, nor your healing hand. Those things I love more than your beauty, for I do not understand them." His eyes rested on her questioningly. "Why do you let me come?"

And the Madonna answered "You, too, are beautiful; but it is because you are gay and alive, and your laughter terrifies my soul and makes my heart beat fast—that is why I let you come. Those things are more to me than your beauty, for I do not understand them."

The faun put back his head and laughed, and held out his arms to her.

"I love you" he said.

And the Madonna whispered "I am afraid" and laid her hot cheek against the baby's cool one.

The faun knelt at her feet and buried his face in her soft blue dress. The Madonna felt that everything in the woods had stopped growing and that her heart would never beat again. Then a bird sang, and the faun looked up at her wonderingly.

For a moment her hand rested on his head; then she unclasped a thin gold chain from round her neck where hung a little wooden cross and fastened it round the neck of the faun. While he felt the touch of her hands he knelt there passively, but when they were folded back in her lap he leaped to his feet, and she saw that his face was white.

The next day she saw him coming slowly through the woods, his eyes on the ground. When he stood before her she asked "What is it?" and her heart sank.

The faun's hands clutched at the cross.

"It is this" he said.

The Madonna gave a little hurt cry and the faun hung his head. After a silence the Madonna said "Give it back to me. It hangs heavy on your neck because you have not the faith, and the love that goes with faith. I should not have given it to you until you asked for it—then it will help you. Until you come and ask for it I cannot see you."

And the faun said "You do not love me?"

The Madonna covered her face with her hands and the tears ran through her fingers.

"I love you so much that I cannot see you and not lose the things that you love best."

And the faun knew that she meant the clear, cool look in her eyes, her quiet smile and her healing hands. He put those two hands to his face and they trembled.

"Every day I shall go to the church and pray that you may come back to ask me for my cross."

The faun answered "Yes, pray. For when you pray you will have to think of me—but I shall never come."

Then the lips of the faun and the lips of the Madonna met. And the Madonna could not stand the look in the faun's eyes. Holding her baby close to her she left him and went into the cottage and closed the door. From the window she saw him go slowly away into the forest. Her eyes ached from straining after him.

Every day she went to the church and prayed, but she knew that he would never come. And she also knew, because she was a woman, that he loved her because she was a Madonna, and she loved him because he was a faun.

Margretta Scott